132 Tom's Coffee House Aug.t 1741

THE POLITICAL PADLOCK, AND THE ENGLISH KEY, A FABLE

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THE

POLITICAL PADLOCK,

AND THE

ENGLISH KEY,

A

F A B L E.

THE POLITICAL PADLOCK, AND THE ENGLISH KEY, A FABLE.

Tranſlated from the

ITALIAN

OF

Father M-----r *S---ini*,

WHO IS

Now under Confinement for the ſame in *Naples*, by Order of Don CARLOS.

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

I grant all Courſes *are in vain,*
Unleſs we can get in *again:*
The only Way that's left us now,
But all the Difficulty's How? -Butler.

LONDON:
Printed for W. WEBB, near St. *Paul's*. 1742.
[Price Six-pence.]

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AND THE
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THE POLITICAL PADLOCK, AND THE ENGLISH KEY.

THE *Samian* (*a*) *Sage*, who firſt maintain'd
That tranſmigrated Nature reign'd,
Diſmiſs'd his Souls, from human Breaſts,
To do vile Pennance in brute Beaſts;
Then if a Man had loſt a *Sire*,
Who in his Abſence did expire,
And had a Mind to hunt him out,
He need no more, but look about;
And, ten to one, but ſoon he found him
Playing in ſome *young Whelp* around him:

(*a*) *The Samian Sage*, &c. *Pythagoras*, who held the Tranſmigration of Souls: This, and the following Lines, at the ſame Time that they are a Banter upon that ridiculous Notion, figuratively expreſs to us the more abſurd Changes that have happened in *Europe* for ſome Years paſt, ſo monſtrous, that the Author ſeems to think *Men* could never be capable of them, but that they have inverted the aforeſaid Syſtem of the Philoſopher, and have acted more like Beaſts than rational Creatures.

Or if his *Mother*, good old Dame,
Bedrid, ſhook off her Female Frame,
In a Month's Time he had her pat
Priſking 'bout Houſe in a *Cat*.

To follow then the Allegory,
Which this great Man has laid before ye,
We'll ſay, the Goddeſs, *Nature*, ſick
Of playing ſuch a ſimple Trick;
Of making Heroes run their Courſes,
From *Men*, to *Aſſes*, *Dogs* and *Horſes*;
Found the poor Animals grew worſe
Since ſuch ſtrange Souls became their Curſe:
For that Man, in his native State,
Was grown ſo much degenerate,
Brute Inſtinct was to be preferr'd
To all the reas'ning, two-legg'd Herd;
And as good Manners long had miſt 'em,
She thought it beſt to change her Syſtem;
For which, the Species to amend,
She diff'rent acts to the ſame End;

And,

And, *vice versa*, turns the Beaſt
To animate the human Breaſt.
Hence, in the Face, you may diſcover,
What *Brute* within, is the Man's *Mover*.
(*b*) And tell in *Monarchs*, as they paſs,
Whether the *Lyon* rules, or *Aſs*;
Whether the (*c*) *Hare* guides Stateſmen's Fear,
Or if more of the (*d*) *Fox* they wear;
Whether *Court Ladies*, full of Guile,
Fetch all their Tears from Banks of (*e*) *Nile*;
Or whether *Fops*, now flutt'ring ſo,
Were *Butterflies* an Hour ago:
And thus, by Care, thro' all Man's Race,
Their Origen we ſoon may trace.

So

(*b*) We have had Plenty of Inſtances of both lately; but to diſtinguiſh between them, *hic Labor, hoc Opus eſt*, &c.

(*c*) (*d*) The *Hare* is ſaid always to ſleep with her Eyes open; and ſome Naturaliſts ſay, the *Fox* never ſleeps at all, only counterfeits it. ——Apply this therefore as you pleaſe.

(*e*) The Original here carries a double *Entendre*, which may be applied to the Banks of the *Weſer*; but as I never heard of any *Crocodiles* there, I have ſubſtituted *Nile* in its Place—— But it may ſuit any flattering Court Miſtreſs.

So hoping that there no Offence is;
(*f*) Good Folks! our Fable thus commences.

Jove ſaw the various Realms of Earth
Give many monſtrous Creatures Birth.
(*g*) The *Cat-o'-mountain*, drove by War,
From the fair Plains of *Candahar*:
And what ſtill more ſtir'd up his Rage,
They loſt old *Tamerlane*'s fine (*h*) *Gage*;
Then turn'd and heard a worſe Diſpute,
The (*i*) *Elephant*, half reas'ning Brute,
Brandiſh'd his Trunk in ſolemn Parley,
And told the (*k*) *Camel*, very fairly,
That *Mecca*'s Shrine for both had Room,
And he wou'd in Devotion come
T' adore their Prophet's hanging Tomb.
The hunch-back'd *Camel*, with a Sneer,
Cries, Sure, my Friend, you do but jeer;

Wine

(*f*) 'Tis plain our Author addreſſes his Fable to none of the People concerned in it, as the Sequel will ſhew.

(*g*) The Great *Mogbol*.

(*h*) The great Throne ſet with precious Stones, carried away by *Kouli Kan*. (*i*) The *Perſian*. (*k*) The *Turk*.

Wine muſt inſpire you with this Motion;
For *Elephants* have no Devotion.
Says *Jove*, We'll leave this wrangling Crew,
And as they *bake*, ſo let them *brew*:
Since Blood-ſhed is their whole Delight,
They ſhall, till they are weary, fight;
O'er *Waſh* and *Acorns* grunt like Swine,
And ſteep the (*l*) *Alcoran* in *Wine*:
But turn we to our Chriſtian Friends,
And ſee what Proſpect *Europe* lends.
Europe, who, in my rambling Days,
A blooming Nymph, my Flame cou'd raiſe;
When turn'd a *Bull*, for her Embrace,
I chriſten'd then the World's fourth Space;
And as old Lovers, when they meet,
Tho' the Fit's over, kiſs and greet:
So, for our old Acquaintance ſake,
I'd have her ſtill a Figure make:
But what a Din is here, quoth *Jove?*
They all appear upon the Move:

The

(*l*) The greateſt Affront you can offer the *Turk* is, to uſe the leaſt Irreverence towards the *Alcoran*; And they are forbid Wine.

The wily *Fox* leads up the Dance,
Cas'd in a Cardinal of *France*:
(*m*) The Jewel fair *Europa* wore,
The brighteſt Gem of all her Store;
Which ne'er was hid in earthly Mine,
But form'd in Heav'n, and's all divine;
Seem's ſnatch'd from out the Fair One's Ear,
For *Gallia* at ſome *Ball* to wear.
This *Reynard*'s for his Miſtreſs done;
He knows the Vertues of that Stone;
Which whoſoever ſhall obtain,
Will o'er his Brother-Monarchs reign;
And, poiſing well the ſteady Scale,
Make Weight on either Side prevail.
And ſee he ſerves the *Eagle* now,
As formerly he did the *Crow*;
With flatt'ring Lies the Bird allures,
Till he her ſnatch'd-up Cheeſe ſecures——
Here,

(*m*) This *Gem*, by the Sequel, ſeems principally to mean the *Ballance of Europe*; but as that, in a great Meaſure, depends upon the right ordering the *Imperial Diadem*, and the *Succeſſion to the Empire*, it may alſo ſignify, that this Jewel the Cardinal deſigned for his dear *Gallia* to wear at ſome Ball; that is, to have the Diſpoſal thereof at the *Grand Aſſembly* of *Europe*'s tributary Monarchs, when ſhe ſhould be able to lead up a Dance of univerſal Monarchy.

Here, *Mercury!* my Lad, come hither;
Fly in the turning of a Feather,
Black from the Forge a Smith become,
And clap this *Padlock* on the Room
Where the filch'd Jewel lies; then watch
To ſee who the rich Prize ſhall catch;
For know, I give a Fav'rite Smile
Upon a little Northern Iſle:
For faithful, true-bred Maſtiffs fam'd,
Who have of late been too much tam'd; (*n*)
But if their Virtue ſtill remain,
The Jewel muſt be theirs again.
Proclaim it round by ſolemn Cry,
That ev'ry one may fairly try,
" Who to this *Lock* can find a *Key*,
" The Gem his juſt Reward ſhall be.
Hermes, obedient to Command,
Flies ſtraitway to the *Gallic Land*;

(*n*) Inſomuch, that it has been *long* doubted, if any of the *true ſtaunch Breed* remain, and whether, by mutual bad Intercourſe, they are not become all *Mongrils*.

For that he choſe to be the Stage
Whereon the Parties muſt engage.
Now he's, you know, the God of Thieves,
And all the Art of Filching gives;
And who but he then is ſo fit,
The old *Fox*, *Fl—ry*, to outwit?
So countermining *Guile* with *Fraud*,
To *Iſſy* he purſues his Road;
Where, after his Devoirs are paid,
He's to the inner Cloſet led;
And, as all Schemiſts who preſent
A Plan, for Stateſmen's Profit meant,
(Tho' publiſh'd for the People's Good,
Yet all know that's not underſtood)
Look grave, and, with a formal Face,
Join to ſupport the State Grimace;
So *Maia*'s Son his Cringes makes,
And the *ſly Fox* his Minutes takes:
Firſt runs them o'er with greedy Eye,
Then ſcans their Purpoſe prudently,

And

And finds they give a Supplement
To his 'foremention'd foul Intent.
My Friend, quoth *Fox*, I ſee your Aim
Is to ſupport my *Pow'r*, not *Claim*;
And true it is ('twixt you and me)
My Right is very ſmall you ſee;
Howe'er, the Jewel I have got;
If *wrong* or *right*, it matters not;
French Foxes, ſo they ſeize their Prey,
Are never anxious 'bout the Way.
The *Why's* and *Wherefore's*, *Laws* and *Rules*,
They leave to ſolemn treating Fools:
Do Fowlers *aſk* the trembling Bird
If he'll be ſhot? or when the Herd
To Water goes, does the *Wolf* crave
That he a Haunch or two may have?
And ſhall I, if a *Gooſe* or *Fowl*
I ſee, that ſuits me on Patrole,
When Hunger urges, ſtay to beg
That they'd vouchſafe a Wing or Leg?

The Fault's not mine, Men know I love 'em,
And from my Clutches shou'd remove them: (o)
Nor less this Gem I count my own:
All Stratagems, it is well known,
Are lawful held, in *Love* and *War*;
As such this Trophy hence I bear:
For know, my Predeceſſor try'd (p)
To gain it long before he died;
But what his *Force* cou'd never gain,
My *Cunning* does at length obtain.
This Nymph, Miſs *Europe*, you muſt know
Fled with a *Sailor* long ago, (q)
And ſimp'ring left us in the Lurch,
Juſt as we had her at the Church;

Where,

(o) If this be the Caſe, then are not thoſe Statesmen, who have given into the *deſtructive* Schemes, which have *ſo much* embroiled *Europe*, as much to blame as a Farmer would be to give a *Fox* a Hole in his Yard?

(p) *Lewis* XIV. who was a *very great* Man, *in vain* endeavoured at what his Succeſſor, with not a twentieth Part of his Abilities, has well-nigh accompliſh'd—This likewiſe hints at the different Tempers of the *late* Miniſter of *France* and the *Preſent*.

(q) Alluding to the maritime Powers keeping the *Ballance of Europe*, which, by their own Indiſcretion and Supineneſs, they have now loſt.

Where, but we met a foul Miſcarriage,
My Maſter'd whipp'd her up in Marriage:
Not that he wanted her ſo much,
As that ſame Gem ſhe wore to touch,
It ſuiting one of his nice Calling
Much better than a rough Tarpaulin:
For this he tried his various Arts,
With *Candies* treated them and *Tarts*;
But *Tar* told him, he ſcorn'd his Feaſt,
He'd ne'er reſign it for *Puff Paſte*. (r)
We then tried *Threats*; but there, egad,
We found ourſelves *to th' full as bad*;
For the croſs Ruſſian bang'd us ſo,
We've ſcarce recover'd yet the Blow.
Finding theſe Means wou'd never take,
Safer Attempts I ſtrive to make.

My

(r) The fair deluſive Words and Promiſes of *France* might well be compared to this; which, tho' it afforded no *ſubſtantial* Food to our Anceſtors, we have fed *greedily* on for ſome *Years*. As ſome of the *ſlight ſuperficial Treaties* they have made with this Nation, after putting them to an *exceſſive Expence* in their maritime Preparations, *&c.* may be compared to your Entertaining a hungry, half-ſtarv'd Sailor, at his Arrival, after a *long, dangerous* Voyage, with a Cup of *Whipt Syllabub*.

My rough-hewn Sailor I cajole,
Shake Hands, and, o'er a friendly Bowl,
Preſs him to hand the ſparkling Glaſs
To entertain the blooming Laſs;
The Laſs ſuſpecting no Deceit,
Greedily ſwallows down the Cheat:
For *chit-chat* honeſt Tar amus'd,
Whilſt I a *ſleepy* Draught infus'd;
And no one cou'd ſuſpect the *Wine*,
'Twas right *true* (s) *French*, quite neat and fine.
Sudden they yawn'd, and ſunk to Reſt,
Each drowſy Eyelid (t) *Sleep* poſſeſt;
The Jewel ſnatch'd from out her Ear,
Thus gain'd, I think my Right to wear.
Cou'd I perſuade the World the ſame,
I ſhou'd not need to urge my Claim:

But

(s) Two great Signs to portend *univerſal Monarchy*, is when a Nation finds Means to make its *Language* and *Liquors* be well recieved by others; for when we always *drink* and *ſpeak* like any Perſon, 'tis to be ſuppoſed, we ſhall ſoon ſlide into all his *other Manners*. The *Engliſh* go farther than any in this, they *naturalize* all that is *French*, and *baſterdize* all that is *Britiſh*.

(t) The Cardinal may juſtly be ſaid to have lull'd *Europe* in a profound Sleep, or how could he deprive *certain People* of what coſt them ſo *much Treaſure and Blood?* One ſure Inſtance of their being aſleep, is, they never *dreamt* D———*k* was repairing.

But, all who dare, aloud condemn
My private ſtealing thus the Gem;
And thoſe who're by my *Pow'r* confin'd,
All curſe me for it in their Mind.
For ſince I've had it, at their Coſt,
I've prov'd its Virtues to the moſt:
I've made the *Camel*, full of Spight,
Juſt as I pleaſe, make *Peace* or *Fight*;
Muzzled the *Bear*, then loos'd his Chain,
Then ty'd and muzzled him again:
Made the young (*u*) *Wolf* to Bagpipes dance,
A Minuet *a la Mode de France*;
And dreſt the *Hogan Mogan Boar*
So fine he ne'er was dreſt before;
Nay, made the *Bull-Dog* change his Nature,
And from a furious, fighting Creature,
To ſave a little Marrow-bone,
Couch like a ſupple Spaniel down.
I run the *Greyhound* out of Breath,
And rode the *white Horſe* quite to Death:

I told

(*u*) *Pruſſe*,

I told my conſtant blund'ring Tool,
The ſage, grave, ſolemn, empty *Mule*,
What if he'd take the proper Courſe,
He ſhou'd become a fine *War Horſe*.
I at the *Eagle* ſee the (*u*) *Faulcon*;
And that was Cauſe enough to talk on.
Hence opening now, with one Accord,
Before the Gem! is all the Word.
Now, ſuch a Prize, who wou'dn't maintain?
But Force, perhaps, may prove in vain;
Therefore I ſtill muſt have Recourſe
To *Fraud*, of all my Deeds the Source:
If, therefore, what you here declare,
In very Fact you bring to bear,
That I a ſpecious Shew may give,
Which the Pretenders ſhall deceive:
And tho' I ſeem to yield the Gem,
Still keep it *ſafe*, and *clear from them*:
Do this, I ſwear by *holy Robe*,
I'll give thee *half* the vaſſal Globe.

(*u*) *Bavaria.*

You

You are a Catholick, no Doubt;
His Holineſs ſhall make it out.
Quoth *Merc'ry*, Sir, we Smiths, dull Fellows?
Mind nothing but our *Forge* and *Bellows*;
And for Rewards, we know, at beſt,
The *Buſineſs done*, they're all *a Jeſt*.
But to *ſerve* you's *ſufficient* Honour,
Without your e'er commencing Donor.
The PADLOCK, Sir, my Plan diſplays,
Shall more than make good what it ſays:
See here the Top of all the Trade,
By me, a perfect Artiſt, made,
In perfect Minutes, when the *Moon*
Was in *Eclipſe* at *Night's Mid-noon*.
The Steel whereof the *Springs* were made,
By ſubterraneous Ways convey'd,
Were quench'd in *Styx*, and thence brought quick
To *earthly Forge* by poor *old Nic*; (*y*)

(*y*) Poor *Old-Nick* would be an odd Phraſe if he was ſpeaking of the *great Enemy of Mankind*; but it is here meant of *Nic Machiavel*, who had the Honour to give Name to the other; ſo much *worſe* than the *Devil* is a *bad Stateſman*!

Well known unto your Eminence,
Tho' curſt by Fools on each Pretence:
So *temper'd* was the Metal grown,
I cou'd not work it up *alone*,
Till calling *Jeſuit* to my Aid,
A brawny Partner, ſtrapping Blade,
Full ſturdily we laid about,
And on *Rome*'s Anvil beat it out.
From ſpecial Models at *Verſailles*
I made the *Wards*. If this Scheme fails,
Then let *Diſgrace* the *Artiſt* wait;
I pledge my *Fame*, and truſt to *Fate*.
Cloſe beneath this, the Gem ſecure,
That none can open it be ſure;
Then in a Speech begin to ſhew
(With formal Face, as you know how)
How much you wiſh that *War* may ceaſe:
Your Inclination ſtrong to *Peace*:
That, for the Gem, you took it up
When it was ſcarce worth while to ſtoop;

And knowing not where it belong'd,
Your Care, as yet, hath no one wrong'd;
And that, to ſhew your *fair Intention*,
Was far from ſtirring up *Diſſention*,
You're ready now to *try the Teſt*,
By this, whoſe boaſted Claim *is beſt*:
For he who *owns* it, has a *Key*,
No doubt, from *Cheſt* to ſet it *free*.
Then, when they all in vain have tried,
Impartial Juſtice muſt decide,
That, as Poſſeſſor, you've a Right;
No matter *which way* you came by't.

Old *Slyfox* view'd the Scheme all o'er,
Thro' ev'ry Article did pore;
Examin'd well each *Ward* and *Spring*,
The *Staple*, *Hook*, and ev'ry Thing
(Let Critics, if they ſtate the Caſe,
Learn, this no *common Padlock* was.)
Mercury watch'd his ſlighteſt Motions,
Saw all his Turns and diff'rent Notions.

He the Deceiver ſtrove to cheat,
And ſaw him greedy gorge the Bait.
" Come, come, cries *Fox*, let's fix it on;
" I long to have this Buſineſs done.
To urge more Haſte, there was no Need,
'Twas *finiſh'd* ſoon as 'twas *agreed*.
But mark how *Fate* the Subtleſt cheats,
Who always ſome *main* Point forgets;
For he, ſo eager was, to claſp
All the vaſt Treaſure in *one* Graſp;
The *Lock* ſo much his Fancy caught,
The *Key* ne'er enter'd in his Thought;
For *Hermes* had took care to lock it,
And fled away with't in his Pocket:
And, as departing, with a Sneer,
The *Fox* he thus began to jeer;
" Let the next Scheme, ſays he, you take,
" Be cloſer laid, for this Plot's ſake;
" Nor *weave* the *Webs* you are not able,
" When you have done, again t' *unravel*.

" Howe'er, purſue your Purpoſe yet,
" Perhaps you may the Jewel get;
" There's yet a *Key*, you'll ſee as't ends,
" Either amongſt your *Foes* or *Friends*:
" Therefore make inſtant Proclamation,
" To ſee the Liſts, here is my Station.

The Trump was ſounded, in they came,
All Nations round, to urge their Claim;
Not in their priſtine, ſerial Shapes
Of *Cats*, *Dogs*, *Monkies*, *Bears* and *Apes*,
But dreſt in better Jackets; then
They *look'd* and *mov'd*, and *talk'd* like *Men*.
Fox, tho' he'd ſo unwittingly
Fixt on the *Lock*, without the *Key*,
Still bore his uſual Spirit thro',
And ſtood the *Maſter* of the Shew.

Firſt tow'ring from the Royal Neſt,
The *Auſtrian Eaglet* forward preſt: (z)
Her Right, undoubted, open made,
But griev'd ſhe had the *Key* miſlaid.

(z) The Q——— of *H*———ry.

Fas

Fox ſpied the (*a*) *Falcon* hov'ring nigh,
And beckon'd him to puſh her by.
She ſtruggled long, but 'twas in vain,
She cou'd not then her Right maintain;
So, mournful ſinging, went away,
" *I wiſh my Love were come from Sea*;
Then ſate her down, with Woe quite ſpent,
Wiſhing, yet doubting, the Event.
The *Falcon* takes ſly *Reynard*'s Side,
Who pampers him with regal Pride,
And tells him, *Patience, Time* and *Force*
Muſt win the precious Gem of courſe;
And that, if all Things elſe ſhou'd fail,
He has a *Back-way* will prevail.
The (*b*) *Holland Hog* next, with a Grunt,
Attempts the *Wards*, and cries, *I've done't*;
And ſo, at firſt, they thought he had,
Which made poor *Fox* almoſt run mad;
But, on mature Deliberation,
They found, like all his *bungling Nation*,
His

(*a*) E——r of *B*——*a*. (*b*) The *D*—*tch*.

His *Int'reſt* was his *only* Gem,
And that he'd made *more Work* for them;
Since *He* the *Others* muſt retard,
Having his *Key broke i' the Ward.*

(*c*) When, lo, behind, from out the *Croud*,
Iſſued a Voice, as Thunder loud;
" Make Room, make Room; my Sons and I
" Have all a Mind, *once more* to try:
" Jewels we want, and we will ſnatch
" Where-ever Jewels we can catch.
When, ſtrutting forward, in great State,
Behold, the beateous *Spaniſh Cat*,
Behind two Youths, of antient Race,
With all their Might puſh'd to the Chace,
At Diſtance tho':—they cou'd not keep Pace.
With haughty Mien ſhe views the Door;
And is it, then, ſhe cries, *no more?*
Is this, *alone*, the boaſted Fence
You have rais'd to bar my *juſt Pretence?*

Tell

(*c*) The Q—n of *S—n*, Don *C—s* and *P—p*.

Tell me not of your *Locks* or *Bolts*,
Ye *silly* Elves, ye *senseless* Dolts!
This puny Foot shall shame ye all;
I'll *burst the Door*, or *get a Fall*.
So said, quite *full of Wrath* and *Ire*,
Her Coats tuck'd up to th' Knee or high'r,
She darts her Foot, as Lightning quick,
And 'gainst the Door gives such a Kick,
That, bounding thence, she tumbles down,
And all her broad B——side is shewn:
And yet, for all her mighty Pains,
The Door, immoveable, remains;
And what increases her Disaster,
Her Sons, at this Sight, run the faster;
And, stooping to assist their Mother,
Their *Face* and *Shame* salute each other:
Nay, one fell prone with his *poor Nose*
In *such a Place* I won't disclose.
Their Help the *Fox* and *Fauleon* lend,
To raise her up again on end;

And

And *Fox* too promis'd, as they tell,
To *lick her Wounds* to make them well:
But, after ſuch Diſgrace, who'd ſtay?
She thought it beſt to *limp* away.
On *Engliſh Beef* ſhe went to Supper,
Tho' hurt moſt ſadly in the Crupper.

" *Z*——ds then cries *Fox*, in a ſtrange Paſſion,
" Mind that (*d*) *young Cub* of *northern Nation*;
" That's one which I myſelf have rear'd,
" And, till juſt now, my Friend appear'd.
" Prithee, my *Swede*, give her a Fall,
" Or that Virago'll rob us all.

The (*e*) *white Horſe* prancing round about,
Known to be nimble, ſtrong and ſtout,

(*d*) The new Empreſs of *Ruſſia*.

(*e*) This ſeems to be meant of a certain Elector of the Empire, who, after a great deal of bluſtering and ſwaggering, was forced to ſlink away without his Errand; and being very complaiſantly b—ll—d by the *French*, was glad to promiſe his Vote, and to obſerve a ſtrict *Neutrality*, in order to ſave his own Bacon.—What Opinion the World had of this extraordinary Proceeding, may be known by the following Obſervation made upon it at that Time, *viz.* A ſpontaneous Neutrality had no very promiſing Aſpect; but a compulſive Neutrality would be ſuch a Monſter in Politicks; would fix ſuch a Stain, as all the Waters in the *Thames* and *Weſer* could never waſh away.

Was oft invited in to try,
But he we—hee—d *Neutrality.*

(*f*) With Female Mien and grave ſage Face
The *Falcon*'s Brother next takes Place,
Fumbles his Beads full often o'er,
And thinks the Maſs will ope the Door;
Bell, Book and Candle ſtrive in vain
To break the Politician's Chain;
Religion gives but trifling Hope,
A *Padlock* will ſhut out a *Pope.*

Fox ſeeing theſe ſtaunch Friends all fail,
Sets the young *Wolf* on by the Tail.
The *Eaglet*, who had kept her Ground,
Tho' ſeemingly quite in a Swound,
At this uprear'd her drooping Head,
And thus, in plaintive Accents, ſaid,

"Why,

(*f*) The *Elector* of *Cologn*, who having eſpouſed his Brother's Cauſe in Oppoſition to the *Queen of Hungary*, has ſince that repented, and put up ſeveral Maſſes to pray Directions which Way to proceed.

" *Why*, Wolf! *wou'd you the Orphan ſtrip*;
" *Save me the Gem, I'll yield a Chip.* (*g*)
Enough, he cries; I love the Fair;
The Gem ſhall be my future Care;
And ſee; be briſk, caſt Grief away,
Your true Love is come home from Sea. (*b*)
At this ſteps up the *Sailor* bold,
His Hand a *good, ſtrong Sword* doth hold.
Long tho' it had been *padlock'd* down,
Releas'd, its Edge is *ſharper* grown;
Fox trembled at the very Sight,
For oft, he knew, they'd ſuffer'd by't.

Says

(*g*) It was certainly a Piece of Policy in the *C—rd—l* to irritate Matters between the K— of *P——ſia* and the *Queen*; his whole Deſign appears to be, that others ſhould weaken her, and deſtroy her Power; of which *France* was to reap the greateſt Benefit: But Providence ordered it otherwiſe; and that young Monarch has ſhewn, that he has been too cunning for even *Fox* himſelf; and that his Intentions were never to ſee the Empire ſubjected to the inſatiable Thirſt of *French* arbitrary Dominion: And the *Queen*, by yielding up *Sileſia*, hath not only made Peace with a powerful Enemy, but converted him into a good Ally—Conſult our great *Engliſh Atlas* of the State, and I dare ſay he will tell ye, this is all his Contrivance, tho' Heaven knows it never entered into his Pate.

(*b*) No ſooner was the grand *Enemy* of *Europe* removed from his Poſts, to ſculk beneath a *C—ro——t*, than Affairs took a favourable Turn in Behalf of the *unhappy Princeſs*, and bid fair for ſettling the *Ballance of Europe* once more in its due *Æquilibrium*. The maritime Powers ſeem heartily concerned in her Cauſe; and 'tis to be hoped, that their joint Endeavours will fix the Foundation of a ſolid and laſting Peace.

Says honeſt Tar, *one* (*i*) *Padlock*'s broke,
And ſoon I'll make *the other* ſmoke.
This is, he cries, the *genuine Key*
Shall give the Gem, my Fair, to thee.
The *Lock*, perhaps, is truly good;
But ſee, 'tis fixt on *rotten Wood.*
(The Cheſt he then to pieces ſhivers)
Here, take't, he cries, and bleſs the Givers.
Long wear it, thy undoubted Right,
In ſpight of *Fraud*, or *partial Might*;
Then claps it on the *Eaglet*'s Head,
Its Luſtre to the full diſplay'd,
Strikes *Fox*, and all his *Creatures*, dead.

(*k*) *Jove* ſaw the Action, ſmil'd Aſſent,
And pour'd his Bleſſings on th' Event.
'Tis thus, ſays he, the Gods ordain,
That *Innocence*, *diſtreſs'd*, ſhall reign.

Thus

(*i*) The Sailor's Sword being padlock'd, was too plainly inſtanc'd in Ad——l *H——k*'s waſting too Years on the Coaſts of *Spain* and *Sicily*; whereas Ad—l *M——rs* and *L——k* have put them all in a Conſternation, and made both *Madrid* and *Naples* complain of the War, which, in their good Friend Don *Ruperto*'s Time, they never grumbled at.

(*k*) Heaven ſend this Prediction may take Effect.

Thus periſh all the Wretch's Schemes;
Of *Univerſal Rule*, who dreams!
When *Fraud* and *Infamy* prevail,
The *Sword* and *Juſtice* poiſe the Scale.
Heaven does TRUTH alone regard,
And gives, *tho' late*, a *ſure* Reward.

FINIS.

Thus perish all the Wretch's Schemes,
Of Universal Rule, who dreams it
When Fraud and Injury prevail,
The Sword and Fire poise the Scale,
Heaven does TRUTH alone regard,
And gives, the Vile, a Pure Reward.

FINIS

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